WAR CORNER'S PRESS

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THE RISING OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY A. T. DEHANEY.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
She is starting up at last!
Like a mighty giant roused,
Her fetters she has cast!
From all her mines the war-light shines,
And all her shops are silent,
And out of her loom-lights,
And off of her anvils,
She will fight for the right!

From valley, green, and mountains blue,
From hill and plain,
And forest vast,
And by every shining,
And by every dashing river,
And by every rocky rill,
Her children are hastening,
Her sturdy sons are hastening,
To gather the golden grain,
While the brandies men are handling
For the bayonet and the blade.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
Hurrah for the Keystone State,
Bending, like summer palms,
Who bow the head of steel,
And up from the mines of coal,
And down from the hills of iron,
And from each busy village,
Where the fires are leaping out
And the sinewy arms are swinging
To the sound of the anvil and sledge,
Are swarming her stalwart heroes,
And the mighty cradle has rocked
And the mighty men are marching,
And the hundred forges his wife a
And the hundred sons his wife a
To gather the golden grain,
While the brandies men are handling
For the bayonet and the blade.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
Hurrah for the Keystone State,
Bending, like summer palms,
Who bow the head of steel,
And up from the mines of coal,
From Delaware's gorges
And with mighty wrath they are tramping out
From the hills of Lehigh,
And up from the mines of Wyoming,
That bowed their head with iron cloud,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
That sound the call to arms!
Freedom to the oppressed nation
And to the oppressed nation
And on the golden coal fire—
That bowed their head with iron cloud,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
The land of Anthony Wayne!

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
And by the mighty Delaware,
And by the mighty Delaware,
Ringing out Liberty's anthem
From Independence bell!
That bowed their head with iron cloud,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
That sound the call to arms!
Freedom to the oppressed nation
And to the oppressed nation
And on the golden coal fire—
That bowed their head with iron cloud,
And from the hills of Lehigh,
The land of Anthony Wayne!

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
And by the mighty Delaware,
Under the shade of Chicago—
Under the shade of Chicago—
With banners new and escutcheoned,
They come from border day—
Their sons and their fathers were always
To save the dark way!
Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
And by the mighty Delaware,
Towards her sacred homes—
By the graves of our dead!
By the graves of our dead!
And over the distant seas,
From the land of Penn's sons—
The land of Anthony Wayne!

[Written for The War Corner.]

GLOOM AND GLARE.

BY MRS. ANNA C. LOCKWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

(CONCLUSION.)

The battle was over, and the Federal forces had taken back, overcome with hunger and fatigue. To Margie, their retreat was a bitter stroke, for she had believed yet many days the rebel capital would be in the hands of the Union troops.

Major Grant recovered slowly, and she found that to her great relief her position in the hospital became more difficult. She was constantly haunted by the fear that some one would see her partiality for the Federal prisoner, and a discovery came that would send her hastily to prison again. There were other causes for nervousness, too. Her father went by no means lightly, and they were wearing heavily on her health, while she, now with mortification and wounded pride, that her affection for Major Grant could not be crushed out, but manifested itself in a multitude of little attentions, thus threatening the betrayal of its existence to him. What could she do? It was unlady-like to have surrounding herself with their attentions, that unrequitedness would be made for Grant's exchange. He called her to his bedside one morning, four weeks after his arrival in Richmond. His wound was healing rapidly, and he was rising on the edge of his couch, for he had recovered much of his former strength, and could walk across the room without support.

"I want to talk with you a few moments," said he, gravely.

Margie sat down beside him, and he lowered his voice as he went on.

"I expect to be returned to our own army soon, and I do not know what to do with you."

"Take me with you," said Margie, pleadingly.

"That is easier said than done, Pierrot! Don't you know you are a traitor as you?" returned Grant. "You have been so kind to me that I wish to remain your servitor is nothing to the best of my ability."

"Don't speak of that, sir. Oh, it chokes me to think you should look at my poor services in a pecuniary light," said Margie, tremulously, while she turned her face away, that he might not see its grieved expression.

"I know that money can never buy such thoughtful care, but all I have to offer you is yours, Margie," said Grant, taking her hand in his.

Margie withdrew it quickly. "You talk to me as if I was your servant, or the servant boy you employed last winter. I do not want your money," she exclaimed, sharply.

"Nothing but a kind regard for you as my brother's friend, and sister, could induce me to discard me to stay in this place. If you can accept my services as the return I have given them to you, you shall be thanks. If you, I am sorry I have been here."

"Don't be angry with me, little Pierrot!" you have not heard what I proposed to give you yet," said Grant.

"And I will not hear," retorted Margie, proudly. "You have no right to wound my feelings in this way, Major Grant."

"Margie"—there was something in the low tone that startled the girl, and she neared to steal a glance at Grant's face—"if we have been friends together—will you treat me coldly now?"

"Oh, sir, it is you who wrong me by these words," sobbed Margie.

"Perhaps I do; I ask you to accept what now be a source of great trouble to you, but if you comply with my request, it will make me very happy. I'm a rough, old man, but I believe you can reform me. Won't you take me, Pierrot?"

Margie dared her head incredulously. "You cannot be in earnest, Major Grant. Do not mock me with such words."

"Am I a man to jest on such a subject—least of all with you?" returned Grant. "You is but one way in which I can ask you away from Richmond, and that is my wife."

Margie's face grew very pale, as she replied, "It is not possible, sir. Think of what Captain Cavalli has said of me—of what he can say of me! Oh sir! It was unlady-like for hospital nurse more difficult. She was constantly haunted by the fear that some one would see her partiality for the Federal prisoner, and a discovery came that would send her hastily to prison again. There were other causes for nervousness, too. Her father went by no means lightly, and they were wearing heavily on her health, while she now with mortification and wounded pride, that her affection for Major Grant could not be crushed out, but manifested itself in a multitude of little attentions, thus threatening the betrayal of its existence to him. What could she do? It was unlady-like to have surrounding herself with their attentions, that unrequitedness would be made for Grant's exchange. He called her to his bedside one morning, four weeks after his arrival in Richmond. His wound was healing rapidly, and he was rising on the edge of his couch, for he had recovered much of his former strength, and could walk across the room without support.

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THE LAST PICKET STATION AT BULL RUN.

a man, devoted to clerical rules, standing near him. Haven't heard that wedding, and her cheeks were crimson with embarrassment, as she took her place at Major Grant's side, but she tried to control her agitation and appear calm. The ceremony proceeded, the chaplain was fearful of coming into the rolling, his speech is incoherent, while your speech is the Southern Confederacy, and he made it as brief as possible. Wasn't it over, he shook hands with the bride, and called her Mrs Grant, pocketed his congratulations in a cold, formal way, and giving her a matronly caress, he deserted, leaving the joint-stalking bridal party alone. He looked down at Margie's grave face, and said, playfully—

"Why is little Pierrot so sober? Don't she repent what has taken place?"

Margie shook her head, with a smile. "No, no, sir, but it is so unexpected I can hardly realize it."

"Well, get your bonnet, and we will go out for a walk. I have the permission of the surgeon, and it will seem pleasant to me to breathe once more."

Margie obeyed him with readiness, and the two walked slowly out of the building, and into the street.

"I may as well tell you at once, Margie, that we shall neither of us go back into the old social circle," said Grant, smiling. "It is too relaxed an order, and I expect to be sent home in a few days, with a number of commissioned officers."

"Then let me go back once more, sir," said Margie, eagerly. "I have not something that I wish to take with me."

"Yes, they will be glad to see you here," said Grant leaned against a corner of a building.

"It is only a picture I tried to sketch when I was at the house of Pierre Soule," she said, in answer to Grant's look of inquiry. "May I go, sir?" she added.

"Its desire are many, but you must view them hesitantly," said Margie, giving it to him. "I never was taught even the rudiments of drawing."

He unfolded it leisurely, but gave a start when he saw the scene it represented. His dark eyes fixed upon her face as he met the slight form of his little Pierrot standing by the side of Captain Cavalli, and since he was now face caught his attention in the background of the picture.

"It is a good picture, Margie, and it was sketched by the hand of genius, but, little one, you have made my face too expressive and handsome."

Margie sighed as she answered, "Ah, sir, even then I was foolish enough to make the contrast in my mind."

A mischievous error, Pierrot; but you must give me this little drawing now. I shall need it when we return to Washington."

"It is yours, sir."

"Margie, do you know that I don't like to have you say sir to me?" asked Grant, abruptly.

"Indeed I must call you by any other title," replied Margie.

"I have a Christian name, but if that is too hard, call me Grant."

"Well, Grant, then—does that suit you?" and Margie laughed as she looked up in her companion's face.

"It will do for the present," said Grant, as his pencil fell on one of the city lands. "And now, my errand boy, we will engage some one for the remainder of our stay in the rebel capital."

Margie glanced up at the opulent mansion building, and tears of thankfulness welled to her eyes as she compared it to the pit—to know she had no long occupied. She felt to Richmond, and was walking on with Grant as an armed escort, and her first words were a request for his permission.

She had a free friend now, and she went to see her, they are under the protection of the soldiers and she had ever met—her husband. Her happiness seemed so complete, that she almost feared, as she pressed his hand, "All is well."

Three days after was the day left Richmond. Margie thought, as she gazed parting glance at the spires of the beautiful city, that she left but one friend behind—poor Gerald Tone. She would have given much to see him, but that parting was denied her.

Major Grant's first step, after they reached Washington, was to call on Mr. Crandall. He found him in his office, bowed deep in a pile of papers that seemed to engross all his attention, but he blandly welcomed his old friend, and proffered him a seat at once.

"I have no time to spare, Mr. Crandall, for my business with you is of urgent importance," said Grant, quickly. "Will you talk at this meeting for a moment?"

"As he spoke, he unfolded a paper, and placed it in his hand. Crandall darted back in amazement, and his face seemed to lose all color when he saw himself so plainly represented, and recognized what his errand encounter with Mark Wright.

"Sir, what does this mean? I don't understand it," he faltered.

"You see that young boy?" said Grant "Yes, I see that young girl dressed—"

"No matter about that," interrupted Grant, sternly. "You remember, that after this scene transpired, this Preston Wright was missed, and he never, returned to the house of Soule."

"I do, sir."

"You remember that you entertained suspicions of his sex, and confided them to your wife? Margie Wright, in disguise, and falsely implicated the character of that young lady."

Crandall did not speak, and Major Grant came order—

"Mr court Wright over Mark's sister, but she was a noble girl—a true hearted woman, and you basely deprived her to her dearest friends, almost staking their faith on her assertions. That lady is my wife, sir, and I shall require you to retract every word you have uttered against her."

"Are your wife 1" ejaculated Crandall, in dismay. "My dear sir, I assure you it is all a mistake. I did not say anything direct against her, but I gave my suspicions."

"They must be contradicted, sir. Every syllable must be withdrawn, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"What shall I do?" asked Crandall, after a moment of hesitation. "I am willing to apologize, for my error was committed unintentionally."

"You must write to Margie's friends, and your acquaintances, retracting your previous slanders, and mentioning her as their friend and protector," said Grant, decidedly.

"I will do it, Major Grant."

"It would please me to watch the dictation of the letters myself," said Grant stiffening himself by Mr. Crandall's side, pushing some writing materials towards him. It was a humiliating task, but Crandall was subjected by fear, and he readily performed it. When it was finished, Major Grant quietly sealed the letters and placed them in his pocket. "I will mail them, in order to save you all further trouble. Good morning, sir," and he left the office with an ironical smile that touched Crandall's pride with keen force.

Weeks later, when Margie Grant met Earle Crandall, and told him the tale of Helen's death, he informed her that his father had left Washington forever. He had gone to the West, and from there he would send for his family, now residing in their home at Harlem. An old servant of his former self was Earle Crandall now. Since Helen's elopement, he had plunged frantically into dissipation, and it had told plainly on his constitution.

"Poor Helen," he said, mournfully, as he looked at the cipher of withered flowers that encircled her lovely head. "I am sorry for her, but my marriage with her was my ruin. I am not what I was, and I have no desire to become a better man. The moment I fill a drunkard's grave, the better it will be to all who have ever known me."

Margie gazed at his bloated face with a feeling of sorrow, as she thought of the change that had passed over it since it beat with his alone their books in the kitchen of the old homestead. She could cope with ordinance now her attachment to Earle, and thank God that it was checked in time to secure her future happiness.

The time was fast approaching when Mr. Joe Grant would be called on to resume his place in the army; but ere he retired, he had promised Margie a visit to the house of her childhood, and receive the blessing of her parents. There was no shadow now hovering over Margie's pathway now. Mark Wright had left Virginia in disgrace and ruin. She had written to him of her safety, but had not received his reply, and this thought saddened her as the three near her home. Mrs. Wright, in whose care she had left them, came back to the old village in the early days of autumn, thinking of all the changes she had passed through as of a dream. As the hack passed at the modest gate, and Margie and her husband alighted, she trembled with emotion. Anxious love lent wings to her feet, and when she reached the threshold she was in her father's arms, with his trembling hands clasped tightly in her own. Mrs. Wright's greeting was quiet and cold, and as she released herself from their lingering embraces, a well-known voice met her ear. She sprang forward with a loud cry of joy. Mark, still pale and thin, was the olden smile of affection on his lips, was the one in the house before the window. She flung her arms around him, showering kisses upon his face, and speaking his name with fondness. And it was thus the loving brother and sister met. A furlough had been given Mark, and he had reached home the day previous, where he was to remain till his health was recruited. Hours flew swiftly by, and the group gathered around the hearth with cheerful and tender reminiscences. Past sorrows were smoothed over, joys were heightened, and much discussed, while Margie sat by her husband's side, with one hand clasped in his and the other caressing her brother's head.

"I am so happy," she murmured, as she nestled her father's outstretched knee.

"It cannot always stay, Margie," said Mark, gently. "Grant and I must go back to our places under the old flag once more."

"But I shall be near you, and I can trust Heaven to protect you," said the young bride, in a hopeful tone.

The fire light watered solemnly, and a moment of silence ensued, broken by the voice of Major Grant—

"Our lives are in the hands of God—but Him do with them as He will, and it is well."

So they sat there in a quiet calm, while Margie leaned on the gloom that had brightened up at last over her life path, but was into a fitful glare too fierce to endure the trials of the future. Three sweet rays of Love, tempered by serene Faith, shed their light around her. And thus the curtain falls.

AFTER VICKSBURG.

Ah, Grief shall leave, yearned our blue-eyed Miss Ruth,
Ah, Grief shall leave, yearned our blue-eyed Miss Ruth,
And hath no eye a single tear to shed
For those who fell in the fight?
Be there—was all in vain!

Then outbreak and sighs—they are gone—
What dread the stern determination!
Strong arms that wielded the sword,
Strong arms that wielded the sword,

Who marched and countermarched all
With broken hearts, yet silent lips;
With all our glories in chains,
And never be united.

We stood beside our dead—our eyes
Were dry, but our hearts were full;
And when we laid the last to rest in earth—
Behold our sacrifice!

Behold our sacrifice! We give
The best blood of a suffering land!
Yea, we give it, and we will give it
In the darkest of Right's hours!

No failure, then! God's own right hand
Is victory shall settle it there!
The years shall strengthen its sentence;
It must be, it is, Liberty!

Then Christ! The Godhead of thy brow
Is the light of the world, and we
Are all the dear children of thy love.
Then behold, behold thou love!

Give us the constructive statesman power,
No, pausing not, behaviorless,
But with the Right's own sword in hand
For Right, for what is just!

[From the Home Monthly.]

SEVEN UP.

In a pleasant farm-house, near wintry eve, after supper and a hard day's work at threshing, Samuel Gray rose from his chair with a sad, weary look, and cleared the table-drawer of an old bureau.

"Samuel, what is thee doing?" asked his mother, following him. "There is not going out to-night, when so tired?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, taking up, with a sigh, a small coffee bag, which seemed filled with—

"Why, that is the mornings money, Samuel; what does thee mean with that? It is not due till next spring."

"I know it, mother; but I must have this money this night," he answered, in a determined tone.

"For what, my son? Thee has always told me everything. We earned the money together."

"I know it, mother. All these years we have toiled to pay off that mortgage left on the farm at my father's death, and now it is all come to nothing. Sit down in your chair, mother, and I will tell you the truth, as I trust I have ever done. I do not love your blame, as I have always loved your praise. This one egregious error has tarnished my great heroism already. They say woman can bear trouble better than men."

I thought mother would have wept much, but she sat quietly down. Her face was pleasant to look on—healthy and fresh, with a clean Quaker cap arranged about it. She could not believe her son had done anything so very wrong; but all was a mystery.

"I am ceasing you know how late I could every night, because you thought I was with Elias at the farm, but I was not; more's the pity. Instead on as errand to the tavern to get some oil for our home lamp, I, in the bar-room was a bigot of light, and all the boys there, and I stopped not to look on—brother and fles

A WEEK'S SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE Court of Inquiry, summoned at the request of General McDowell to investigate certain charges preferred either by himself against Pope, or vice versa, or by both against each other, has completed its labors, and the judgment has just been made public. The court acquits Pope of the gross charges brought against him by McDowell, but at the same time it declares that the retreat from Centreville to Alexandria, on the 29th of August, in order to unite the forces of Pope and McDowell, was the order of the latter for his views, whilst not agreeing with the tactics upon Centreville, is sustained that General Pope, McDowell's superior, did not censure him for that, or think the course unjust. "That the movement was beneficial to the army, and was ordered by the commanding officer under circumstances that rendered it obligatory, and by the exercise of the best skill of criticism, either being justly censurable in judgment, or improper in execution, or any specific act, is fully disproved by all the testimony bearing on the point. The court denounces the charge of drunkenness as against General McDowell and Colonel Hoffman. It is clear, moreover, that when two persons do nearly agree in describing the same scene, the testimony is normal absent the consciousness of the exact, which has generally entered into every charge, and one declares him intoxicated in manner, habitual drinking, and another to act and speak the reverse.

The Government of Louisiana has accepted resolutions organizing District 2, Congressional, in accordance with the late proclamation of the President. The object of this is to give control of a series of counties on the Mississippi, especially controlling the locality of the Red River country, and hence the attention, and hope to the evacuation of the Confederacy, in order which, says the resolution adopted by the Legislature, "he has betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his people, has violated the principles of Kansas, who have fought for freedom, and have been sustained by the will of the people, and have passed and will find their true reward in the approval of the world—this will be their reward, and not the approval of the world, which has no sympathy with the traitor, and who will not be deceived by his professions of loyalty, which have been forced by military necessity, and which are made for the purpose of deceiving the world, and to keep in the hands of the traitor the power to carry out his treason, and to destroy the Government, and the liberties of the people, and which professions

already now to advert to, for knowing the people of Great Britain for the last twenty years. Excellency, I am sure that you will not be offended with me for having thought so myself. Nothing can be further from my intention than to offend you. I am sure that your Excellency will not be offended with me for having thought so myself. Nothing can be further from my intention than to offend you. I am sure that your Excellency will not be offended with me for having thought so myself. Nothing can be further from my intention than to offend you.

CONVALESCENT CAMP.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1863.

On Thursday, having accepted an invitation to visit the Convalescent Camp, in Virginia, I entrusted myself to the tender mercies of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Already, through Culpeper, roads, Manassas from Washington is a little over forty miles, but the Government of Lincoln is at no considerable distance in exercising its authorities. The train, which proceeded by passing over the Long Bridge, is more in use now of Troops than of Passengers. This road is constructed expressly as a military road, and is not to be used for the transportation of passengers, except in cases of necessity. The train, which proceeded by passing over the Long Bridge, is more in use now of Troops than of Passengers. This road is constructed expressly as a military road, and is not to be used for the transportation of passengers, except in cases of necessity. The train, which proceeded by passing over the Long Bridge, is more in use now of Troops than of Passengers. This road is constructed expressly as a military road, and is not to be used for the transportation of passengers, except in cases of necessity.

The Convalescent Camp is situated about two miles from Alexandria, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and is a large collection of tents, arranged in regular order, and capable of accommodating a large number of sick and wounded soldiers. The camp is under the charge of a surgeon, who has a staff of assistants, and is provided with all the necessary medical supplies. The tents are well ventilated, and the sick are carefully attended to. The camp is a model of order and cleanliness, and the men are evidently receiving every attention that their condition requires.

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ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The following has been forwarded to the headquarters of the army:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
CAMP ON YOCONA RIVER, Feb. 20, 1863.

CAPTAIN:—I have the honor to submit a statement of the operations of the expedition under my command to Yazoo City. The Commander-in-Chief directed me to proceed with the expedition to Yazoo City, and to return to this camp as soon as the object of the expedition was accomplished. The object of the expedition was to destroy the enemy's gunboats and transports, and to capture the city of Yazoo. The expedition left this camp on the 14th inst., and arrived at Yazoo City on the 16th inst. The enemy's gunboats and transports were destroyed, and the city was captured. The expedition returned to this camp on the 20th inst.

WHAT JESSE BLOOD DID.

Here after all our anxiety, after all the gratuitous exhibit the hard time Jesse Blood has been breaking—that he has been breaking—that he has been breaking—that he

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

THE WAR.

The return of spring brings new hope to the country. A favorable condition of our armies in everywhere existed, and the spirit of our soldiers is elevated almost to enthusiasm by the news of the liberty just given. The title of opposition to our Government and the consolidation of revolutionary power is fainting, and with the uprising of the "rank and file" is no stability in every department. In the Department of the Gulf, Gen. Banks is ready to cooperate with other forces about to be concentrated upon the Mississippi, or move upon Mobile, at the pleasure of the Government. Down by Suffolk, and thus far unbeleaguered at Vicksburg, we find Generals Grant, Rosecrans, and Butterfield, either already pushing on against the rebel forces, or awaiting individuals are to read such items in the Chicago Times to understand how believed the sentiment that at Washington that the rural opposition is beginning to succumb; and that has the support of a friend in Africa. The exact number the gunboat and transport fleet to pass below Vicksburg, and how the troops can be landed and the siege of that strong position pushed from a point more favorable for operations. The latest intelligence from Yazoo Pass reports south that the Expedition and the other gunboats had reached the Yallabusha river. Thence they can proceed down the Yazoo to a point in the rear of Haines' Bluff, where the heaviest fortifications of the Confederates have been erected. Information at the same date represents the operations at Lake Providence as progressing favorably; and, between the Yazoo and the Mississippi, and the other between the Mississippi and the Atchafalaya, the Union forces are rapidly advancing upon the rear of Vicksburg from the north and west. Gen. Grant, therefore, is not without support, and the time draws near when he will be heartily welcomed upon the rear of Vicksburg or the plateau of the bayou of Louisiana. The Lake Providence portion of General Grant's forces is reported by rebels, primarily, to be the thing of concentration by the fleet of Vicksburg, and secondarily in another direction. Indeed, the last mentions of this theatre of war by rebel sources are careful, the capture of the Indianola and the raid at the West will be of little importance in the result. The policy of the President in respect to the another incursion into Arkansas as much as the former will grant at the movement. This army now consists of three divisions of the very best troops in the Western country, and will shortly be reinforced by another division of troops, hitherto in Missouri, in the position to Southwestern Missouri. These will be rejoined by the expelled militia of that State. This army will soon strike a blow at Little Rock, assisting the forces of Generals Grant and Banks by uniting at the rear to the Southwest. A state of affairs exists in his department almost precisely similar to that which prevailed prior to the battle of Murfreesboro'. Our forces have placed themselves in the west of Gen. Rosecrans, near Nashville, and the enemy of that State is gathered around Murfreesboro' from the south and is other direction. The advance of cavalry from Gallatin, Hendersonville, on Tuesday last, and when a desperate fight, which lasted all day, was renewed, and artillery of troops. This Secretary seems, through out, he may be found in accord by the speedy and effective advance by Gen. Rosecrans. The Army of the Ohio is now operating in the rear of Charleston. The Army of the Cumberland is in front of Gen. Rosecrans. Gen. H. G. Wright, commanding the Southern army, will not only guard the Eastern Shore, Gordon, Granger, and Custer to advantage when the proper moment arrives. The Army of the Shenandoah has ended quietly during the winter, with the exception of Gen. Custer's dash into Orange Court House, which has been said to no before. Army of the Rappahannock and the Army of the Potomac, compactly and experienced, is ready and ready to move, and it will not be long able. Just one year ago, this army left Aquia Creek to advance on the York and Peninsula. It is in advance on the Peninsula against Richmond. It is now prepared to move against that stronghold, but by a different route. Affairs in the Department of Virginia are as good as the most pessimistic man could desire. The large force under General Dix, Peck, and Keyes have spent a pleasant winter, and are now ready unfortunately for the enemy to combat them in that those are three of war. Gen. Foster has not remained idle, having at least fifteen thousand with Beaufort and Port Royal. Gen. Hunter still sits with his accustomed coolness and energy, and any demonstrations against the "reticent and brazen" rebels can soon be made. The fleet in the Port Royal of South Carolina still in guard. Gen. Foster is again in command, and will be found admirable lieutenant—not military, however, as yet, to make any important inroads, or reply to the conflict with General Gillmore and the attack upon Charleston and Savannah. This is by now necessary. On the 7th the troops were ready to embark, and the next silence will possibly bring news of the result. The Army of the Rappahannock proper, which is already en route from Fredericksburg, will be the signal for the attack. This fine-toned fleet will be ready, and their invulnerability, and their success in the past, will not have been applied. It is not safe to be too sanguine of the result of the movement. The problem will be completed to take a position where they will receive the concentration fire of nearly two hundred pieces of cannon. Such will depend upon the success of the armed employed. It assumes the destruction to the navigation of the harbor, and when that seems not to be doubted, the construction of batteries will not a little effort in battering the Monitors in their position. If they succeed in passing, Fort Sumpter, the vanguard of the rebels will be at their mercy, and the evacuation of the harbors will be a question of time merely. Before many days, in all probability, by the 4th of battle will not abandon from the harbors of Charleston, to be utilized by Beauregard within in Tennessee, and to prolong its pest in the border of Charleston.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INDEMNITY BILL.

The danger of the Thirty-seventh Congress will quicken the intellects and supply materials for the pens of thousands of writers. An event, of which occurred on Tuesday night, or rather about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, has given the latest not be forgotten.

The opposition to the Administration had succeeded in defeating the Indemnity Bill at every turning. All their former tactics were rehashed, and they could not be understood by any would exhaust the patience and the time of the Senate, in order to strengthen their ranks. For this reason, there is no precious question in the Senate, and the Senate has refused to defeat the most important measure now pending. The Indemnity Bill, which gives no party interests depended, was objectionable to the Democratic leaders, because it unbuckled the President and his agents in serving without responsibility and without fear, and also because it operated prospectively for the benefit of the Union persons in adopting measures necessary to the maintenance of this gigantic war. The support of the remainder of conference on this bill having been refused by the Senate, the House, as soon as the Senate early on Tuesday, and discussed from two o'clock in the afternoon till that day until five o'clock on Wednesday morning. Exhausted by the conference with the Senate, they could not induce such Democrats as Lovejoy, Nixon, Richardson, Dunlap, and Middleton to vote for the bill. The Republicans generally remained to the last during all the long hours, and their colleagues were filled round them to defeat, in this contingency, the Senate's amendments in the same manner as the House, and on that, nonsense debate was ended. Finally, Mr. Bingham moved the House, and began a speech which threatened to last two or three hours. Senator Davis, from Illinois, objected to the motion. At last Mr. Powell rose to the floor, and with a motion to adjourn upon which Senator Bayard took his seat, and the motion was carried by a vote of yeas, and declared to be lost. Mr. Bayard declined to accept the decision, and then hearing the fate of the motion of the Senator from Kentucky, and, before he was better informed, by a vote of yeas to nays on the question, "Will the Senate agree to the report of the committee of conference?" he ordinarily left?" and declared it to be carried by a majority of 14 members present. Senator Trumbull, from Illinois, immediately rose and called for the yeas and nays upon the consideration of a bill on the private calendar, which declared and which was the action of the Senate on the report of the committee of conference. In the telegraphic sketch of the debate, published in the Press of the 5th, you will find that this announcement was received with applause and vague among the cronies of the bill. Mr. Bayard protested against such a conduct, but the case had passed into the records of the body. The consequence was that the Senate adjourned sine die, Mr. Trumbull to the floor on the report of the committee of conference, and the House, in consequence of the absence of the Democratic members, was left without a quorum, and the bill, which had been carried through both Houses by a majority of more than two-thirds, was defeated by a majority. The opponents at the bill unanimously felt that they had secured their position for the fate which befell their efforts, and when the Senate reassembled, at 12 o'clock, they proceeded to believe that they had been properly rebuked. The effect of this coup d'état of Mr. Trumbull's and his partners' great credit for his promptitude, and the ability of his colleagues to appreciate the crisis which presented itself. It was the last great conflict of Democracy and the Union, and the last great conflict of Democracy and the Union, and the last great conflict of Democracy and the Union, and

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1863

The following nominations were confirmed to-day, in executive session:

John F. Potts, of Wisconsin, to be Governor of the Territory of Dacotah.

Edward C. Delafield, of Rochester, to be Surveyor of the Customs for the Port of Rochester, in the State of New York.

Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, to be Major-General of Volunteers.

Brigadier-General Alexander McD. McCook, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Thomas L. Crittenden, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Gordon Granger, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Robert B. Mitchell, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Joseph J. Reynolds, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Philip H. Sheridan, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Horatio P. Van Cleve, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General Thomas J. Wood, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 27, 1862.

Brigadier-General James B. McPherson, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from August 1, 1862.

Brigadier-General John A. McClernand, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General William T. Sherman, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from February 17, 1862.

Brigadier-General Samuel R. Curtis, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Nathaniel P. Banks, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General William S. Rosecrans, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Alfred Pleasonton, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Darius N. Couch, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General William F. Smith, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Franz Sigel, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Nathaniel J. Jackson, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General John Sedgwick, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General John F. Reynolds, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Henry W. Slocum, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General George Stoneman, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Oliver O. Howard, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General George G. Meade, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Daniel E. Sickles, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from November 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from September 7, 1862.

Brigadier-General Ambrose E. Burnside, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 18, 1862.

Brigadier-General Henry W. Halleck, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 23, 1862.

Brigadier-General Don Carlos Buell, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 21, 1862.

Brigadier-General John Pope, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 21, 1862.

Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Butler, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from May 16, 1862.

Brigadier-General Nathaniel P. Banks, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from August 9, 1862.

Brigadier-General Edwin V. Sumner, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 31, 1862.

Brigadier-General Samuel P. Heintzelman, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from May 5, 1862.

Brigadier-General Erasmus D. Keyes, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from May 5, 1862.

Brigadier-General Fitz John Porter, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from April 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General William B. Franklin, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from May 5, 1862.

Brigadier-General William F. Smith, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from May 5, 1862.

Brigadier-General Silas Casey, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 4, 1862.

Brigadier-General Innis N. Palmer, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 4, 1862.

Brigadier-General Robert C. Buchanan, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 4, 1862.

Brigadier-General Jacob D. Cox, to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 17, 1862

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

FORNEY'S WEEKLY

"WAR PRESS."

CHANGE OF TERMS.

In announcing the commencement of a new volume of the WAR PRESS, it is the object of the publisher to meet the appreciation of THE GREAT SUCCESS which the paper has met with, by making many more copies in its contents, and adding to its attractiveness by every means in his power. Since the appearance of the first number of this paper, on the 15th of November, 1862, its list of subscribers has steadily increased, until its weekly circulation is now

EQUALLED BY BUT FEW PAPERS IN THIS COUNTY.

The WAR PRESS will continue to publish, weekly,

ONE OR MORE GOOD ENGRAVINGS,

illustrating some important event in the present struggle for a government of freedom, or the prosperity of the people, a MAP of a recent Battle

THE LATEST WAR NEWS

From all sections of the country, received by mail and telegraph, up to the hour of going to press.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Will continue to be conducted as hitherto, with the best ability at command.

All the Letters of "Occasional"

That appear during the week in the daily paper, will appear, without condensation, in the WAR PRESS. This feature of the paper has done much to place it in its present excellent position.

THE LATEST MARKET REPORTS

Will continue to be given, the Philadelphia Cattle, Money, and Produce Markets receiving most careful and timely attention.

ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES,

Written by the best and most popular authors, will regularly taken prepared from events happening in the battle-field, not published in any other paper.

In addition to the above department of the paper, matter will be supplemented to run each week, as may and many it necessary to

THE FARMER, THE MECHANIC, AND THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Matter will be LACED to inspiring CHOICE POETRY, USEFUL RECIPES, HINTS ON THE PUBLIC, and HOUSEKEEPING MATTERS, which will receive due attention. In short, the WAR PRESS will be made to equal a Weekly Newspaper as it can be made by money and talent, and nothing will be left undone to make it so acceptable weekly visitor to every loyal man and woman in the country.

Ap-In consequence of the great cost and scarcity the price of paper—being over 10 per cent. since the PRESS was first issued—the terms of subscription, which, though it is unchanged, is now found necessary to change. No change in terms in the future.

TERMS OF THE WAR PRESS.

One copy one year, - - - - -	$2.00
Five copies one year, - - - - -	9.00
Ten copies one year, - - - - -	17.00
Twenty copies one year, - - - - -	32.00

Ap-The getting up of a club of ten or twenty will be entitled to an extra copy.

Ap-An additional copy forms the second year, as they afford very little more than the cost of the paper.

Ap-PREMIUMS TO THE GETTER UP OF CLUBS.

These liberal terms will be adhered to in prefere of having papers sent to one or more Post Offices and, also, of adding additional subscribers from time to time, as they may be obtained, at the CLUB PRICE.

Ap-Persons forwarding Clubs will please, when ren vented, have them sent to one Address.

Ap-Specimens of the "WAR PRESS" will be forwarded when requested.

Ap-NEWSPAPERS giving our Prospectus one insertion and sending us a marked copy, will be entitled to an exchange.

Address,

JOHN W. FORNEY,

104 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

UNION FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

This is a very agreeable duty that we have to perform this week. No feature in the movement we have so persistently urged and so that which placed Northern men on the side of the South, and gave the rebellion their aid and comfort. This was owing to the misreading the state of New York. Mr. Seward misunderstood the temper of the War—misunderstanding the true purposes of the Administration — confiding in those there the peculiar elements that fit the base of the Democratic organization, to give it so much power and feeling—that formed a party that succeeded in carrying the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana the North. We all remember the unbridled profession of love for the Union, and devotion to the Constitution, and the efforts to prevent that war to a successful issue, these gentlemen made in their election speeches. We saw it in ourselves to say that we were among those who also believed these professions and disbelieved them. We had no other reason for so doing, but we knew the men at the head of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania, and we had no reason to suppose they were different from the men at the head of the Democratic party elsewhere. Every Democrat from other States who favored us with his acquaintance and his opinions took pains to disabuse us of that prejudice. The VALLANDIGHAM exile from Ohio to adversaries meditation, concession, and submission. Mr. O'GORMAN came from New York; an exile from slavery from the Democratic Americans to yield submission to slavery at home. Mr. BIGLER came from New Jersey, to declare such infamous treason had been perpetrated in the name of liberty. They came to Pennsylvania, and they found congenial friends. They found Mr. BIGLER, with his suppressed quarrelsome, which in now being quoted by the enemies of his country abroad against the country that cursed, protected, and cherished him. They found Mr. BIGLER, with his supposed resolutions in favor of the secession of Pennsylvania. They found the resolutions that followed a band of insolence around the streets on Friday evening cheering the rebel air. It was bare enough to play, ready to cheer its three treasons and lubricated. When Nasmyth arose as we rile, we felt that no good could come from it.

And so we are rejoiced to read the sentiments printed in this number of our paper. The speeches of Mr. BIGLER and Mr. VAN BUREN, the letters of the Secretary of State and Gen. BUCHANAN, the general enthusiasm that seemed to prevail, the boldness, the frankness, and the courage with which Union southrons were expressed, is gratifying to us. The speech of Mr. VAN BUREN is particularly able, while that of Mr. BIGLER possesses the fervor and zeal that have placed that gentleman so high among the incorruptible orators of America. We are very far from endorsing many of the opinions they express. We think Mr. VAN BUREN is unnecessarily sensitive in his views about the President's exercise of magisterial power in the case of foreign Powers. He here the most unscrupulous and unjustifiable of the enemies of the country. He does not see emancipation in the Proclamation. We regret that opposite result to us. He does not see that it is proclaiming liberty to citizens of America, continent, the President gives to surrender up the legal and a true Republic should not bear. On other questions he does not accept the creed we believe, and we endeavor to make others believe, and in our only time we should make this difference an essential one. We lay it down as maxim from trade, however, and accepting the assurances of Mr. VAN BUREN's election to the Union, and his zealous support of it, in Union ballot and smallest cases, we give him the hand of fellowship, and welcome him into the ranks of the loyal supporters of the Administration. We have to say to Mr. VAN BUREN we say to Mr. BIGLER, JUDGE BLACK, and the patriots who sustained them in their noble denunciations. We are glad to think, too, that these men represent the true sentiments of the Democratic masses in New York: the men of the rank and file, the voters, the mechanics and consumers, and drivers, the cattle, and the agriculturists of Pennsylvania. That great, constitutions, honest sentiments that saved the Democratic party in other times of danger and demoralization in struggle against the tyranny that controls the organization now. Animated by the feelings of patriotism that every true American feels, they are making an effort to restore those glorious principles that made the Democratic party the great conservative power that every true American loves

THE AMENDED INTERNAL TAXES

We give below a table of the newly-imposed taxes, supposed to be entirely accurate for reference. Each class of persons or things on which a new or amended tax has been levied is placed by itself, the items of each class being in accordance to alphabetical order:

SCHEDULE A.—STAMP TAXES.

Articles and Kind of Instrument.—Under this head will be included every person or thing which is required to pay a stamp duty, and the classification of all kinds of stamps, or the words or letters, or emblem, or mark, for each person or thing required to be stamped.

Bonds, Debentures and Certificates of Indebtedness.—Bonds or debentures issued by any railroad, canal, steamboat, bridge, turnpike or other corporation, association or company, or by any person, except such as are issued to the United States, or to any State or Territory, or to any corporation created by the authority of any State or Territory, for the purpose of borrowing money for the construction or improvement of highways, roads, streets, bridges, or other public conveniences, and not for profit, and all certificates of profits, scrip, certificates representing a share or interest in or claim against any property or fund, and all certificates of deposit not entitled to exemption, issued in place of any certificate of stock, bond, or other instrument, which would be subject to duty, shall be subject to a duty as follows:

Bonds Issued in Europe.—

Bonds Issued in Europe.—Bonds issued in Europe, and sold or transferred in the United States, or elsewhere than in the country where issued, shall be subject to the same duty as bonds issued in the United States.

Bonds Issued Abroad.—Bonds issued abroad, and not sold or transferred in the United States, or elsewhere than in the country where issued, shall be subject to a duty of one cent on each $100 of the face value thereof.

Bonds Issued in the United States.—Bonds issued in the United States, and sold or transferred in the United States, or elsewhere than in the country where issued, shall be subject to a duty of two cents on each $100 of the face value thereof.

Bonds Issued in Foreign Countries.—Bonds issued in foreign countries, and sold or transferred in the United States, or elsewhere than in the country where issued, shall be subject to a duty of four

[CONTINUED FROM SIXTH PAGE.]

"greenhorns" in the country. When I think how many hard days' work I have performed, and how many chickens and eggs you have raised to sell, all for one good infant, and that my present folly has ruined all, I am ready to despair."

"I shall not live long to waust money, Sary; I only thought of then and Ellen, who is so soon to become thy wife."

Samuel groaned, and let the horse with a heavy heart. He knew by the neighborhood across the fields that Ellen sat watching for his visit, but he spoke on regardless of that subject, and, shaking the snow from his shoes, he entered once more the house. Again, in a private letter, he found the congratulations of a previous night. He then drew up to the table and deposited his money. "I have come," he said, in a bold voice, "to pay you what you owe from me but acted."

The man merely waved his hand, on which there was a great, inward loss, in a negligent manner, and went on with his talk. "Oh, as a mere trifle," he said; "three pounds, by and by."

Sam turned towards the fire, with a great dull thoughts took possession of his mind.

"Can some men make money thus easily by the toss of a card or the turn of a die? and yet, after all my honest labor, more I be turned from my humble home, and my happy prospects broken up for life by two desperate gamblers? Fierce passions seemed at war within him, as the sweet visions of former hopes presented to my. He did not notice that Mrs. Smith's mother-in-law of wrath at the table, as one after another was forced in his turn to say, "nothin'," "nuthin' plea," were met by contemptuous scorn from the successful man who pocketed the gains.

Samuel's little roll of bills still had upon the table, and he could not bear to leave them. It seemed sacred money. "How little my father thought, when he left me his farm, with only the mortgage as an encumbrance, that I should prove so recreant to my solemn engagement to take care of my dear mother. Oh, God forgive me, and spare me, that I may do better in the future." And of that moment a softer emotion sprang up in his heart. He felt a longing for all of old kinds that he had never felt before, and a determination to labor with the smallest deviation from duty, if his restitution was so decided. The result was a most desirable state of mind; and a humble spirit breathed its blessings over him, as he rose up and buttoned his thin coat over his breast again to face the existing wind of the winter night.

About this time, a handsome sleigh had driven up to the door of the house, and the horses were flecked with foam, and the frost hung about their fringelets, showing how swiftly they had traveled. Two strong men had helped him it, and hastily entered the house. The host came obsequiously to the door. They drew him aside.

"We have tracked two notorious blackleggs from Boston here, and thinking they might be making a little mischief, have come down. Indeed, I say, the room where they now are, or we shall arrest you as an accomplice. Quickly!" as the gleam of a revolver shone in the moonlight.

"In there, in there," stammered the landlord, trembling with alarm.

The deputies came very softly, but not so gently that the gamblers did not listen intently. One cried, "There the rascals are, by fire! raise the window! hark!" Just then the door was violently thrown open.

"Ah, my brothers; well met! We have had quite a drive for you," adjusting handcuffs all the time, as though they were used to the business, in spite of the desperate struggles of the two men. "Bring your sleigh, we will see what you have urged." said them minutes of the law, and forcibly began to pick the pockets, leaving laid them at length on the floor.

"Counterfeit bills in plenty, some golden eagles, silver! Get pen and paper, landlord, and state account. Now, gentlemen," to the sheriff's aid, addressing Samuel Gray and his friends, who stood in silent amazement beholding the scene, "we might consider you under arrest for gambling, as the witnesses you were put green enough to be entrapped by these Boston yanks. Didn't understand the ways of our wicked city. However, I will just advise you to beware of bad company for the future; it does not bring good results. How much have you been robbed of this night?"

"There is no money," said Samuel, as each one raised the amount, and pointed to the roll upon the table.

"Well, take it, and go instantly," said the officer.

Samuel obeyed, and when once more in the silent field, and within sight of his own dear cottage, he fell on his knees and wept aloud, giving thanks to God as he had never done before. He was not yet twenty-one; life was before him; hope again flourished, for at least that the sad lesson was not in vain. The old mother could not lead the long bitter winter, and his darling would be spared the hot room with grapers and mean. Never in her lonely widowhood had she come so keenly upon her heart, and when the door opened, and Ellen said gently, as to inquire what was the matter, missing her lover, Aunt Rachel threw her arms about her neck, and gave way to grief. So Samuel found them when he returned, and more generally to change their course to pay.

"I do hate it," exclaimed Tom, who had listened attentively, "that has in the very cottage where we are visiting grandma. I mean to ask Uncle Sam, when he comes home to-night from the woods, if he can't be sure's name is Rachel."

There was a general shout, and the calls were not entirely unanimously, and consigned to the fire, with much to the delight of Uncle Aunt Mary hoped secretly that her nephew had learned a lesson he would not soon forget, from the story of his uncle's early misfortune.

ANOTHER PHENOMENAL COMET.—The Boston *Transcript* says: "It appears from the correspondence in the Harvard Observatory, that Mr. Safford, the eminent mathematician, has found that the lately discovered comet (Tuttle's) was seen in the heavens many years, even to an additional orbit, adding to a period of 13 years. Mr. Safford has found that the European astronomers have also seen. The object has considerable luminosity in the planet of the Earth, and Mr. Safford has found that the comet of Halley, Lexi and Cassini. It is extremely elongated, the outermost part being seen in appeared the orbit of the planet Neptune as Herschel himself is from the sun. When he perihelion, or nearest the solar orb, the comet is just within the orbit of the earth.

THE STRIPES AND STARS.

BY REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS, OF ALLEGHENY.

Air—*Irish Jaunting Car.*

Brothers of free descent come on, and assist to the Knit and to sing, in one great whole, fruit of our father's toil;
But when that band of love was rent, the sky was Darkness' hostile hand.

Chorus—Gloriously Hurrah! for the Union Free Hurrah! for the Union Flag, that bears no "Rebel stain."

So long as Southern compass forbore to touch that Full many a heart was merrily true, and many an Hand was free;
When on Saxon's breast the Union flag, that's what I mean.
We sang about that Union Flag, that we're about to sing again.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union Flag,
Hurrah! for the Union Flag, liked never Hurrah! for the Union Flag, liked never

And first the gallant Keystone State, from every Her flag unfurled, and with hearts, and hands that Stripped next and
Last of all the Golden State, sailed her treasure Hurrah, &c.

And waved by high their Fathers' flag that bound Hurrah, &c.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the United Flag,
Hurrah! for the United Flag, liked never

And then the brave's proudest boasts, over Mississippi Three Mississippi's waves, and then Kansas Hurrah, &c.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the United Flag,
Hurrah! for the United Flag, liked never

Hurrah! for the United Flag, with all its Hurrah, &c.

And until the lonely pioneers, the dauntless and the Trust those' cheeks by Freedom won, that never Hurrah, &c.

Then Heav'n shall bless the land, and Freedom's Hurrah, &c.

Then Europe again will love Israel, the chief Hurrah, &c.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the United Flag,
Hurrah! for the United Flag, that bears Hurrah, &c.

WOOL GROWING

CALCULATED AS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH—NOTES WITH THE CATTLE—SHEEP.

Correspondence of the Rural New-Yorker.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, which has been issued from the press, contains the following statistics of the production of wool:

Wool shorn in	1860.	1862.
Maine	1,000,000	1,000,000
New Hampshire	1,000,000	1,000,000
Vermont	2,000,000	2,000,000
Massachusetts	1,000,000	1,000,000
Rhode Island	100,000	100,000
Connecticut	1,000,000	1,000,000
New York	19,000,000	19,000,000
New Jersey	1,000,000	1,000,000
Pennsylvania	19,000,000	19,000,000
Delaware	1,000,000	1,000,000
Maryland	1,000,000	1,000,000
Virginia	1,000,000	1,000,000
North Carolina	1,000,000	1,000,000
South Carolina	1,000,000	1,000,000
Georgia	1,000,000	1,000,000
Florida	1,000,000	1,000,000
Alabama	1,000,000	1,000,000
Mississippi	1,000,000	1,000,000
Louisiana	1,000,000	1,000,000
Texas	1,000,000	1,000,000
Arkansas	1,000,000	1,000,000
Tennessee	1,000,000	1,000,000
Kentucky	1,000,000	1,000,000
Missouri	1,000,000	1,000,000
Illinois	1,000,000	1,000,000
Indiana	1,000,000	1,000,000
Ohio	1,000,000	1,000,000
Michigan	1,000,000	1,000,000
Wisconsin	1,000,000	1,000,000
Minnesota	1,000,000	1,000,000
Iowa	1,000,000	1,000,000
California	1,000,000	1,000,000
Oregon	1,000,000	1,000,000
Total	77,700,000	78,700,000

The increase of wool in the United States in 1862 was 1,000,000 as the table shows. This shifting entirely in the Southern States, and the loss of the Cotton States and those of the last century, introduced them since the war. Mr. Colman remarks in his Report that has been crossed with the coarse native sheep of the country.

Texas shows a larger increase than all the United States together. The amount is as follows:

United States	77,700,000	78,700,000
All the States except Texas	76,700,000	77,700,000
Difference	1,000,000	1,000,000

Texas, it will be seen, has increased in the number of its sheep 1,000,000 in the last year. This is a large increase, and is due to the fact that the climate and soil of Texas are very favorable to the production of wool. The following statistics of the production of wool in Texas are from the census of 1860:

Number of sheep	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool	2,000,000
Number of pounds of wool exported	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool manufactured	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool consumed	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool sold	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool on hand	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool lost	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool destroyed	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool stolen	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool damaged	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool spoiled	1,000,000
Number of pounds of wool wasted